

## What Others Can't See by CarmenWasBored

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**Summary:**

Richie is nearsighted and his heart decides to take advantage.

## What Others Can't See

### Author's Note:

Ok, so, disclaimer, I am very bad at writing summaries and titles so they probably don't make any sense :,)

And shoutout to my friends who betaed this and gave me the courage to post it uwu

Richie Tozier could be considered to be an average teenage boy. He wasn't very popular, he was just another sweaty face in the crowd of hormones and stress that were fighting to survive highschool. He made surprisingly good grades and had a tight-knit group of friends, called The Losers Club, who practically did everything together. There was only one thing that set him away from everyone else.

He had a crush on his best friend

That wouldn't be a problem if his best friend wasn't Eddie Kasparak, the hypochondriatic boy with a mother who hated anything that she couldn't control. When Richie realized he had feelings for Eddie he felt ashamed. Ashamed because if anyone found out they would be disgusted, especially Eddie. Richie couldn't even imagine what his life would be like without Eddie. This was Richie's biggest secret, but unfortunately for him, he was very bad at keeping secrets.

Today was like any other day for the losers. They went to school, hung out as much as they could during the day, and when the final bell rang they went to spend the rest of their afternoon at Richie's house.

"uggghhhh... I don't understand any of this!" Beverly complained from her spot on the living room floor. She and the rest of the losers were studying for math, except for Richie.

"It's not that hard when you get used to it." Ben offered, trying to console Beverly. She sulked and went back to trying to carve the confusing formal into her memory.

"It's not that hard if you weren't idiots," Richie says while reading a comic-book. He was laying on a couch completely confident that he would ace the upcoming test without even needing to look at his notes.

"We're not idiots Richie, you're just lucky because you have some weird photographic memory," Eddie said, rolling his eyes.

Richie gasped, trying to sound hurt, "Eds! My weird photographic memory isn't weird!" He paused, putting his comic-book down, "Besides, if you needed to pass this class that bad you could just sleep with-"

"Beep Beep Richie!" Eddie said, cutting him off, "And don't call me 'Eds!'"

They all eventually gave up on studying and talked or channel surfed, making fun of random low budgeted shows. As it got later in the evening the losers left, Mike first, then Bill, Beverly, Ben, and Stan eventually followed. Richie and Eddie were the last ones in Richie's empty house and they were doing what they usually do, argue.

"All I'm saying is that Johnny Depp can get it," Richie said, sounding 100% serious.

"No way, you would have to be blind to think that Johnny Depp can even hold a candle to Winona Rider." Eddie quipped back from his spot next to Richie on the couch.

Richie made a show of taking off his glasses and said, "Well then I guess I'm blind!" trying to sound as sarcastic as possible.

Before Richie could put his glasses back on Eddie snatched them from him.

"Hey!-" Richie protested, but before he could snatch them back Eddie had already put them on his face.

Eddie blinked for a moment before looking around Richie's living room. Richie was very taken aback and he swore that his brain stopped working.

"What the h-... Jesus Rich, how blind are you?" Eddie dry laughed, continuing to look around the room.

But Richie didn't hear him.

The TV played some Hollywood news channel that was long forgotten by the two teens. The glow from the TV cast a blue, barley noticeable, haze over Eddie's face, highlighting small, yet dramatic features.

Richie's glasses were big on Eddie's face as they drooped down and perched on the tip of his nose.

Richie liked to boast that he had more freckles than Eddie which would "make him more attractive to the ladies" but Richie loved Eddie's freckles. Whenever Eddie would get lost in his notes or movie

Richie would stare and try to count how many there were.  
Eddie's lips were curved up in a small smile that faltered when he realized Richie was staring.

"... What? How do I look?"

"I can't see dumbass."

Eddie adjusted his position and scooted closer.

"You're still just a blurry mass of ugly."

"shut up!" Eddie said quietly, but no malice was detected in his tone.  
Richie wasn't that blind. He could perfectly see Eddie in front of him and he noticed something... Eddie was blushing. Something in Richie decided to play dumb but his heart was racing.

Eddie scooted closer again, inches away from Richie's face.

"Jeez, you're really blind Rich.." Eddie said just above a whisper.

Richie could barely breathe. He felt like he was melting under the pressure of Eddie's gaze.

Time seemed to slow as Richie analyzed his options. Eddie was staring into Richie's eyes. Richie's body moved before he could protest.

It took a few moments before Richie realized he was kissing Eddie. It took a few more moments for him to realize Eddie was kissing him back.

Richie had moved his hand to the back of Eddie's neck and Eddie rested his hands on Richie's shoulders.

The kiss was short but it took a few moments for both of the boys to register it even happened. Richie was the first to pull back, scared that Eddie would be disgusted and run away. Eddie seemed to want an explanation from Richie instead.

"Oh," Richie breathily said, "you look kinda cute."

"Asshole" Eddie smiled.

### **Author's Note:**

Thanks for reading! Please let me know what you thought in the comments and ways that I could improve! :D

(Also, let me know if you'd be interested in another chapter.)